

Birthright

by TehDARKTemplar

Category: Halo

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-07-05 19:05:35

Updated: 2013-07-05 19:05:35

Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:21:36

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,012

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: An ODS'T on Reach contemplates his meaning in life. Loosely based on the speech by Colonel Acono Mentiath during the Battle of Actium. One-shot... Maybe...

Birthright

***"Let no one here question our place in human history. That we are here right now is not a coincidence or accident. It is our fate. And this war, our birthright, or accident. It is our fate. And this war, our birthright, our legacy. Our generation was born to fight the Covenant, and you, my fellow soldiers, were born for this very day. Today the enemy will hear the roar of humanity, and they will fear us." **

**-Colonel Acono Mentiath to 12,000 men and women of the 53rd Armored Division **

***Battle of Actium, May 10, 2545**

What the hell happened? That was the question on his mind.

He had dropped in on New City with a thousand of his fellow ODS'Ts, _a thousand_.

They were to take back the City to ease up the pressure on New Alexandria; it was supposed to be easy; the Covie forces in New City were supposed to be weak and tired, having lost many of their number in combat around Reach. Instead, they were met with torrents of fire from Covie ant-air positions, small arms fire, and then when they hit the ground, they were swarmed on all fronts by grunts, jackals, elites, brutes, huntersâ€¦

It had been at least five days since the drop, he had lost count by now. It was just an endless cycle of shooting here, there, everywhere, eating some leftover rations, scavenging what weapons you could, then more shooting, and even more shooting, and then, finally, to finish a day's work, even _more_ shooting.

It was tiring to say the least, and it didn't help that sleep was hard to come by. The sleep deprivation coupled with constant fighting and the lack of supplies resulted in a lot of dead ODSTsâ€¦ _A lot_. The ODST battalion that had dropped into New City practically didn't exist anymore. He had lost a lot of his friends from various platoons and all of his squad mates. He was the sole survivor of his company, he still couldn't believe it. 200 men of Alpha company, dead, gone, never to come back.

He just wanted to sleep, to die. Nothing seemed to matter anymore. The Covies were going to take Reach, and then it was only a matter of time until Earth was discovered, and then obliterated. He had lost everything he had cared about, his blood family was glassed a few planets back, and he was one of the few survivors of his battalion.

It all seemed so hopeless.

He sighed, and leaned his forehead against the side of a concrete wall, tired and weary, the stench of a week's worth of combat emanating from him. He felt nothing, he was numb, tiredâ€¦ He remembered his life before the war, all the memories he treasured, they were the only things that kept him going at timesâ€¦ but now, with all the people involved in those memories dead, he just feltâ€¦ nothingâ€¦ No angerâ€¦ no painâ€¦ no sorrowâ€¦ just an empty black pit of nothingness.

He felt suicidal; it would be the only way out of this hellhole. It wouldn't matter to command; he was just another soldier, another body. They would find others to replace him, he didn't matter. Was he still human anymore? He was fighting a war; he would kill another intelligent life form without hesitation, and anyone trying to stop him. That surely made him inhuman, right?

That's when the Covies began to shell the ODST's position with Wraith fire. The giant blue balls of light came sizzling down slowly, as if taunting them. The explosions and screams of pain and "MEDIC" started almost immediately. He stood upright, shouldering his DMR, his only remaining friend.

Seeing a suicidal grunt charging up the hillside towards a foxhole, he squinted at it, peering through his scope, and fired, all thoughts of suicide and morality gone. The DMR responded to his touch by barking, a flash of light, a _whizz_, and then a final _thump_ and the grunt fell over, it's head an exploded mess of flesh and blood. Its dead body began to roll down the hillside, its plasma grenades primed, and then two blue flashes of light erupted, lighting up the area around them.

The screams of Covenant wounded brought a grim smile to the ODSTs face. His comrades in arms responded in kind, firing their weapons, throwing their remaining grenades. Brief flashes of light exploded all around the ODST line, lighting up the black fog that surrounded them. The Covenants responded with their own fire, sending deadly plasma bursts flying towards them. He turned to his right as an ODST screamed, a victim of an overcharged plasma burst. He had a gaping hole in his chest, but there was no blood. The heat of the plasma had almost instantaneously cauterized the wound, leaving only a thin vapor of blood that slowly settled onto the floor, creating drizzle

of blood. The mortally wounded ODST struggled to speak, and then fell over, dead, another casualty of war.

He stared at, trying to shrug it off, trying to be indifferent. But he still couldn't, even after being hardened by years of war with a genocidal alien race. He still cared, he was still human.

He may have lost the will to live, but he still had purpose. He was a weapon, forged by the UNSC military into an ODST, a protector of humanity, so that even though he might lose his life, others might still retain theirs. For every Covenant soldier he killed, he would save other human lives, who would in turn fight their hardest for humanity. And then maybe, just maybe, the human race would survive this accursed war.

This was his purpose, his birthright, his decision, and he would see it through, no matter the cost.

****Please leave your feedback, as it really helps. I want to thank you for reading this fic, and I hoped you enjoyed it. Please, please leave your feedback, as it is much appreciated. ****

End
file.